

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

A few days since speaking of the general indifference this year shown in regard to our great national holiday, a friend remarked that now we had had a centennial celebration the celebration of Independence Day was to be discontinued; that hereafter we would have a Fourth of July only once in a hundred years. While reflecting upon this lamentable state of affairs and mourning over the degeneracy of the times and the low ebb of patriotic sentiment thus evinced and commiserating the unhappy lot of those unfortunate Young Americans who may have the misfortune to be born early in the century, thus missing the ecstatic pleasure of expressing their patriotic enthusiasm through that palladium of our liberties—the fire-cracker—and, even worse than that, losing their chance to discharge their suppressed, yet well-nigh irrepressible, eloquence in the traditional Fourth of July oration, I was startled by your village President calling my name, and announcing that he purposed to put a sponge on me which would completely absorb me—you thus see his idea of my composition—that he was going to make a proposition to me to which I must say yes before he stated it. I didn't do it however, for I didn't know but he was going to ask me to sign a subscription paper. (You will all know how that is yourselves soon).

I was glad to learn from him that Mexico, at least, did not propose to adopt the one hundred year rule; but that she would celebrate with all her old time fervor. But I was appalled by his presenting to me, just six days before the Fourth, and those crowded full of professional engagements by a ten days' previous absence, a request that I would address you to-day.

How I came to accept the invitation I can't tell. You all know my good nature, however, and that I have a strong weakness for Mexico.

But under the circumstances, I can't undertake to give you, in this course of your intellectual entertainment, the substantial meal, the roast beef, and the pork and beans, etc., which you have a right to expect; nor yet ice cream and cake, the graceful offering which polite society so often substitutes for them, but in the preparation of which I am not skilled. The best that I can do is to offer you the homely, old fashioned dish of hasty pudding.

As we are to-day gathered at the birthday feast in honor of that distinguished member of the family, our highly respected Uncle Sam, it is fit that we should spend a few minutes in reviewing his claims to the consideration we thus give him. [Then the speaker gave an account of the separation of this country from Great Britain, and the heroic efforts of our forefathers during the Revolution.—Ed.]

The yearly celebrations of Independence Day have been an educating agency by which a knowledge of our national history and biography, the principles of free government, and the love of liberty and of country, have been instilled into the minds of our people as a whole, to a degree possible by no other means. No influence beside has been so potent to centre in a common idea and interest the public thought, to unify us as a people, weld us into a homogeneous nation. Let economists talk as they may of the waste of gunpowder, and the nervous and testy ever so loudly deprecate the noisy din, for myself, I join most heartily with Young America in the wild acclamations, "vive la Fourth of July."

May its celebration never fall into desuetude, but ever continue to impress the principles of patriotism and free government upon the youth of the nation, as can only be done by the thunder of artillery, the rattle of fire-crackers and the brilliancy of pyrotechnic displays.

In the warlike experiences of our country, your town has borne an honorable share. When the nation, in her extremity, summoned her sons to her defence, Mexico answered promptly and fully to the call. We have left us a sad, though convincing memorial of this fact, in the long catalogue of her patriot dead. They are now beyond the reach of your sympathy and aid. Honors paid to their memory cannot avail them; piles of monumental marble cannot effect their weal. But in justice to your own patriotic impulses, for the benefit of your children, who observe your action toward them, and in the interest of the country and the cause, for which these patriots died, see to it that due honor is paid to their memory.

And a more befitting thought could not be suggested, than that with which you are here gathered, of erecting a fitting memorial of their deeds and suffering, which shall be a teacher of patriotism such as will command re-

# The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

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spect, to remind all of the fearful cost of the liberties which they enjoy, and to instruct them in their duty of jealously guarding those political institutions made sacred by these self sacrifices by which they have been established and preserved.

I need spend little time in reminding you of the elements of your nation's greatness and of the success it has achieved. Our territory and material resources are practically unlimited. The indomitable industry and energy of our people, are applying these resources to practical uses to an unparalleled extent.

But of all the good things of which America can boast, the grandest, and that without which all else would be valueless, is her system of free government. It recognizes the inherent majesty of man, and his capacity for self-control. Instead of making one man sovereign and another subject, the government is placed in the hands of all; every man being allowed to exert his influence in determining its action. Thus the law of the land is but the resultant of the wills of all.

Our last presidential election gave the severest possible test of the efficiency of our form of government, and of the capacity of man for self-control. So close was the election, that the result depended upon a single electoral vote. That vote was contended for by both parties, each charging the other with fraud and coercion. So intense and bitter was the political excitement, that it seemed impossible to avoid an open rupture. In no monarchical government existing, could it have failed to result in civil war. Yet when the decision was finally announced, so profound was the respect for law, that the excitement was instantly lulled, and the opposition quietly and gracefully submitted to their defeat, thinking only of the next election, when they could right the wrong they claimed. This was the grandest triumph which free government has ever achieved. Never before did I feel so proud of the name American.

I have no sympathy with the croakers who are continually bewailing the degeneracy of the times, and predicting the speedy ruin of our free institutions. All things considered, I believe these to be the best days our republic has ever seen.

I thank God that I live in America, and in the year 1877. Yet I would not close my eyes to dangers which I see impending. Great political evils exist which are in some degree peculiarly of our time. Official peculation and venality are far too common. Bribery and fraud at our elections have become so frequent as to be deemed quasi respectable and scarcely provoke comment.

But a brief decade has passed since our nation stood weeping over the graves of half a million of our brothers and kinsmen, sacrificed for the maintenance of our institutions. To-day, the liberties thus purchased for us and for the future, are shamelessly, and with impunity, hawked through the streets, bartered in public caucuses and sold in political shambles.

The immediate cause of all these difficulties, is to be found in the unfortunate principles upon which political parties are now conducted. And in speaking of this matter, I shall have reference to no particular party, or individuals; but only of public evils, and the public sentiment which makes their practice respectable.

There are those who seek to remedy all political evils by doing away with all party organizations. But this is wholly impracticable, as well as undesirable.

The remedy sought is to be found, not in abolishing party organizations, but in correcting their abuses.

These arise mainly from three causes: first, erroneous views as to the advantage to the individual of official position; second, the false idea that public offices can legitimately be used as a means of pensioning the meritorious; and, third, a criminal abandonment by the people of party organizations to the coterie of office holders.

There is among us a mania for office, both as a means of livelihood, and an avenue to power and fame.

Much is said about the claims of certain persons to public recognition by the bestowment of office. Services rendered to the State may entitle a man to a pension, but not to an office whose duties he

cannot properly perform. A man who cannot support himself in his own business is not the man to conduct the business of the State.

One of the principal grounds assigned in the declaration of independence, for the separation of the colonies from Great Britain, was, that their principal officers were independent of the people over whom they had jurisdiction, as regards the tenure of their positions, and the amounts and payments of their salaries. This same relation to the people we compel our officers to assume. No one except the coterie of office-holders, ever thinks of paying anything towards the necessary expenses of his party.

The people require their officers and candidates for office to pay all expenses incurred in running the party machinery. Then, consistently reasoning, that if the office holders contribute the funds they should have the benefit of it, they commit to their control the whole party machinery, knowing that they deliberately purpose to use it to advance their own interests.

Why do you complain of political immorality? Can you reasonably expect ought else than that official venality and corruption will thus result? But what is the remedy? It is not the soothing lotions, nor the somniferous narcotic, but the scalpel. What the exigency demands is not mitigations of the evil, but its removal. If my reasoning be correct, this will involve the depriving public officers of the control of party politics. Make it unlawful for any officer under the State or the nation, to be a member of any political convention beyond the primary caucus. Let it be made a crime for any officer or candidate for office to contribute towards defraying campaign expenses. To guard against their controlling, by patronage, the result, let the president and other officers having patronage to bestow, be made ineligible to a second term.

Repudiate the political heresy, "To the victors belong the spoils." Let the proposed reform of the civil service be carried out to its full scope, and all ministerial officers be retained during good behavior; thus rendering their business, as it should be, a reliable means of maintenance and accumulation.

Thus will our elections be relieved from the baleful influence of an army of government officials, whose tenure of their respective offices depends upon their results, and many times as large a host of aspirants to their positions, whose prospects sustain a similar relation to them.

Parties will thus be controlled by those aiming primarily to secure the success of distinct political principles, instead of those whose only interest it is to secure the positions which they have to give; party platforms, instead of being framed upon Tallyrand's theory that the only legitimate use of language is the concealing thought, as mere instruments of political jugglery, will state in unequivocal terms their distinctive tenets, and sharply define the issues they submit; and the campaign orator will find in the great questions of state thus presented, themes worthy the grandest intellects and the profoundest culture, and in his opponents, men whom he can meet

"With that stern joy which warriors feel  
In foemen worthy of their steel."

Then will the fever heat of political passion with its consequent senseless acrimony and vituperation, cease to disgrace our elections; the efficient officer, his merits being often submitted for public approval, will be continuously retained, thus securing that efficiency and integrity which the present system of rotation in office denies; and the brazen demand for political recognition will give place to the modest blush of gratitude for the compliment of official honors, not seized but bestowed.

I should be unworthy the honor your invitation gives me, did I fail to mention the noble work in regenerating the civil service now being done by the chief magistrate of the nation. For some time past, public sentiment has imperatively demanded the correction of these political abuses. The political parties have taken the cue, made civil service reform the main plank of their platforms, and vied with each other in clamorous protestation of zealous interest in its success.

Upon such a platform, and his explicit statement that it represented his views on the subject, Gen. Hayes was last fall elected to the presidency. Now the par-

ty leaders under the old regime, are in utter consternation to find that he really meant what he said. The element of the party press run in their interest, greets with doubtful lamentations his directing government officials to abstain from attempting to control party action.

But how otherwise, I ask, can the principles of the new civil service be enforced?

Would an administration be likely to work harmoniously with a corps of ministerial officers who had opposed it with all the bitterness of partisan antagonism?

Experience has demonstrated the necessity of the life tenure officers of the army and navy's abstaining from active participation in politics. If this new system be adapted in the civil service, the same principles must be there applied.

Let party manipulators denounce his action as they may, President Hayes has, in it, this hearty support of those who are seeking to use the government for the public good, rather than to secure individual advancement. And if he steadily pursue the course which he has chosen, though the opposition thus arranging itself against him will impair the efficiency of his efforts, and deprive him of that measure of success to which he is entitled, and would otherwise attain, he will ever have the confidence and support of the people; he will make his administration the brightest period thus far in the nation's history, and will indissolubly link his name with what will hereafter be recognized as one of the most essential principles of popular government.

As you now proceed with your most worthy enterprise of rearing a monument in honor of your patriot dead, do not omit to fulfill your higher duty to them, of unselfishly guarding and cherishing the political institutions which they established and defended, the nobler monument to their memory which they themselves have reared.

## Joseph's Brother.

BY BRET HARTE.

They didn't call him Tom, or Jack, or Harry, but always spoke of him as Joseph's brother. And it was just as singular that they didn't say "Joe," instead of "Joseph," when of or to the man.

The two had a wagon in the band dragging itself toward the Black Hills day by day and mile by mile. They messed by themselves, scarcely spoke to each other, and their lives and their actions were a sort of mystery to the rest, who were a jolly set, drinking, carousing, fighting, playing cards, and wishing for a brush with the Indians. Some said that Joseph was a fugitive from justice, and that he wouldn't fraternize with them for fear of betraying himself when interrogated. Others thought he felt too proud to mix with such society, and between the two theories he had nearly all the men thinking ill of him before the wagon train was four days' travel from Cheyenne.

"He keeps his brother hidden away in the wagon as if a little sunshine would kill the boy," growled one of a dozen gold-hunters sitting around a camp fire in the twilight.

"Perhaps he thinks our language isn't high-toned enough!" exclaimed another. "Ain't we all bound to the same place—all sharing the same dangers—one as good as another?" demanded a broad-shouldered fellow from San Antonio.

"Yes, yes!" they shouted.

"Then don't it look low-down mean for this 'ere man Joseph to edge away from us as if it were pizen? If he's so mighty refined and high-toned, why didn't he come out here in a balloon?"

There was a laugh from the circle, and the Texan went on:

"I don't pretend to be an angel, but I know manners as well as the next. I believe that man is a reg'lar starch, ready to wilt right down as soon as I pint my finger at him, and I'm goin' over to his wagon to pull his nose!"

"That's the game, Jack! Go in, old fellow! 'Rah for the man from Texas!" yelled the gold-hunters as they sprang to their feet.

"Come right along and see the fun," continued the Texan, as he led the way toward Joseph's wagon.

The vehicle formed one in the circle,

and at a small fire a few feet from the hind wheels sat Joseph and his brother, eating their frugal supper. As the crowd came near, the boy sprang up and climbed into the covered wagon, while Joseph rose up and looked at them anxiously and inquiringly.

"See here, Mr. Joseph what's your other name?" began the Texan, as he halted before the lone man, "we have come to the conclusion that you and that boo-by brother 'o yours don't like our style. Are we kerect?"

"I have nothing against any of you," quietly replied Joseph. "The journey thus far has been very pleasant and agreeable to us."

"But you hang off—you don't speak to us!" persisted Jack.

"I am sorry if I have incurred any man's ill-will. I feel friendly toward you all."

"O, you do, eh?" sneered the Texan, feeling that he was losing ground. "Well, it's my opinion that you are a sneak!"

Joseph's face turned white, and the men saw a dangerous gleam in his eyes. He seemed about to speak or make some movement, when a soft voice from the wagon called out:

"Joseph, Joseph!"

A soft light came into the man's face. The Texan noticed it, and, slapping Joseph's face, he blurted out:

"If ye ain't a coward, ye'll resent that, sure!"

A boyish figure sprang from the wagon and stood beside the lone man. A small hand was laid on his shoulder, and a voice whispered in his ear:

"Bear the insult for my sake!"

There was a full minute in which no one moved. Joseph's face looked ghostly white in the gloom, and they could see him tremble.

"He's a coward, just as I thought!" said the Texan, as he turned away. The others followed him, some feeling ashamed, and others surprised or gratified, and by-and-by the word had reached every wagon that Joseph and Joseph's brother were cowards.

Next morning, when the wagon train was ready to move, the Captain passed near Joseph's wagon on purpose to say:

"If there are any cowards in this train, they needn't travel with us any further."

It was a cruel thrust. Joseph was harnessing his horses, and the brother was stowing away the cooking utensils. The strange man's face grew white again, and his hand went down for his revolver, but just then a voice called out:

"Don't mind it, Joseph; we'll go on alone."

The train moved off without them, the gold hunters taunting and joking, and others fearful that the two would be butchered by the Indians before the day was over. When the white-topped wagons were so far away that they seemed no larger than his hand, Joseph moved along on the trail, his face stern, and so busy with his thoughts that he did not hear the consoling words:

"Never mind, Joseph; we are trying to do right."

That night, when the wagon train of the gold hunters went into camp, they could not see the lone wagon, though many of the men, ashamed of their conduct, looked long and earnestly for it. They had seen Indians afar off, and they knew that the red devils would pounce down upon a single team as soon as they sighted it.

Darkness came; midnight came, and the sentinels heard nothing but the stamping of the horses and the howls of the coyotes. At two o'clock the report of rifles and the fierce yells of Indians floated up through the little valley, and the camp was aroused in a moment.

"The devils have jumped in on Joseph and his brother!" whispered one of the men, as he stood on a knoll and bent his head to listen.

"Good 'nuff! Cowards have no business out here!" growled the Texan.

The first speaker wheeled, struck the ruffian a sledge-hammer blow in the face, and then, running for the horses, cried out:

"Come on! come on! A dozen of us can be spared for the rescue!"

Sixteen men swept down the valley like the wind. The firing and the yelling continued, proving that the man who

had been called a coward was making a heroic fight. In ten minutes they came upon the lone camp, made light as day by the burning wagon. Fifty feet from the bonfire, and hemmed in by a circle of dancing, leaping, howling savages, was Joseph's brother standing over Joseph's dead body. The gold hunters heard the pop! pop! pop! of the boy's revolver as they burst into view, and the next moment they were charging down upon the demons, using rifle and revolver with terrible effect. In two minutes not a live Indian was in sight. Joseph's brother stood over the body, an empty revolver in his hand. The men cheered wildly as they looked around, but the boy looked into their faces without exultation, surprise or gladness.

There were three dead Indians beside the wagon, killed where the fight commenced, and the corpses in front of Joseph's brother numbered more than the victims of the sixteen men.

"Is Joseph badly hurt?" asked one of the men, as he halted his horse beside the boy.

"He is dead!" whispered the white-faced defender.

"He is? God forgive me for the part I took last night."

"You called him a coward!" cried Joseph's brother, "and you are to blame for this! Was he a coward? Look there! and there! and there! We drove them back from the wagon—drove them clear out here! Joseph's dead! You are his murderers!"

Every man was near enough to hear his voice and to note his action as he picked up the rifle of an Indian and sent a bullet through his own head. With exclamations of grief and alarm trembling on their lips, the men sprang from their saddles. The boy was dead—dead as Joseph—and both corpses were bleeding from a dozen wounds.

"We'll carry them up to the train and have a burial in the morning," said one of the men, and the bodies were taken up behind two of the horsemen. They did have a burial, and men looked into the grave with tears in their eyes, for they had discovered that Joseph's brother was a woman—yes, a woman with the whitest throat and softest hands. She might have been Joseph's wife, or sister, or sweetheart. No one could tell that; but they could see how they had wronged him, and they said as they stood around the grave, "We hope the Lord won't lay it up agin us!"

## Marrying in Hope.

An old darkey of sixty-two, tired of longer leading a life of single blessedness, joggled up to the marriage license clerk's desk the other day and said:

"Is dis whar yer gits der lissuns fer to marry?"

"This is the place."

"How much is dey apiece?"

"Seventy-five cents."

"Lord, honey, I isn't got dat much money."

"Then I can't let you have a license."

"Say, boss, times is hard, an' dis case is pressin'. Couldn't you trust me for a couple of weeks till de whitewash season commence?"

"No, sir, we don't do a credit business at this desk."

"Jist for a day or two?"

"Nary a day," was the heartless rejoinder, and the poor old darkey hobbled away.

Yesterday he again knocked at the outposts of Hymen's temple, with the necessary seventy-five cents tied up in a red bandanna handkerchief.

"These is monsus hard times, boss, an' ef my credit wasn't pooty good I'd never been able to borrowed all dis heah money ter worst."

The license was made out in due form and handed to him, and then the clerk said:

"If that's all the money you've got, how are you going to support your wife?"

"Well, de fac am dat de lady am got a room all furnished nice, an' we'll jest mosey along till dis 'lection trouble is over, an' den der'll be a powerful sight ob whitewashing to be done dis spring. Yes, 'deed, honey, times is gwine to be red hot arter a while."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A rather "loud" and "flash" affair—a thunder storm.

## Honors from British Working-men to Gen. Grant.

Forty men, each representing a different trade, and representing altogether about a million English workmen, waited on General Grant, Tuesday, the 3d inst, and presented him an address welcoming him to England and assuring him of their good wishes and deep regard for the welfare and progress of America, where British workmen had always found welcome. Impromptu speeches were made by various members of the deputation, all of which were extremely cordial.

General Grant replied as follows: In the name of my country I thank you for the address you have presented to me. I feel it a great compliment paid my government, and one to me personally. Since my arrival on British soil I have received great attentions which were intended, I feel sure, in the same way for my country. I have had ovations, free hand shakings, presentations from different classes from the government, from the controlling authorities of cities, and have been received in the cities by the populace, but there has been no reception which I am prouder of than this. I recognize the fact that whatever there is of greatness in the United States, aside from any other country, is due to labor. The laborer is the author of all greatness and wealth. Without labor there would be no government, no leading class or nothing to preserve. With us labor is regarded as highly respectable. When it is not so regarded it is because the man dishonors labor. We recognize that labor dishonors no man, and no matter what a man's occupation is, he is eligible to fill any post in the gift of the people. His occupation is not considered in selecting him, whether as a law-maker or as an executor of law. Now, gentlemen, in conclusion, all I can do is to renew my thanks for the address, and repeat what I have said before, that I have received nothing from any class since my arrival which has given me more pleasure.

After the speech there was an informal exchange of courtesies, and the deputation withdrew.

General Grant has finally concluded that he will not at present go to Paris. He will go to Brussels, Thursday, will visit Germany and Switzerland, will return down the Rhine, go to Norway and Sweden, and come back to England the last week in August. He will visit all places of interest in Great Britain, making London his headquarters.

## The Returning Jews.

The assertion of M. D. Conway, recently made through the newspapers, that the Jews were returning in quite large numbers to Palestine, having been questioned by the Jewish press of this country, he returns to the subject, and avers that the fact is unquestionable. He says that the "phenomenon has been sufficiently pronounced to call forth a work by the Rev. James Neil, A. B., some time a clergyman at Jerusalem, entitled, 'Palestine Repeopled; or, scattered Israel's Gathering. A Sign of the Times.'" Mr. Neil shows that the population of Palestine is double what it was ten years ago, the new-comers being Jews and chiefly from Russia. Three years ago such an influx took place to Saphed, one of the four holy cities in Galilee, that there were no houses to receive them and many had to camp out. A plot of ground near Jerusalem was sold for twenty times its former price. Building goes on by night as well as day. Two little colonies have settled just outside of Jaffa Gate. The real causes of this migration are—first, that only recently could a Jew own land in Palestine without becoming a Turkish subject; secondly, the new law in Russia (1874) by which all Jews must be enrolled for military service.

In attempting to carve a fowl one day a gentleman found considerable difficulty in separating its joints, and exclaimed against the man who had sold him an old hen for a young chicken. "My dear," said the exasperated man's wife, "don't talk so much about the respectable Mr. B; he planted the first hill of corn that was planted in our town." "I know that," said the husband, "and I believe this hen scratched it up."

The storms this season have done much mischief in many places throughout the country, but the strangest freak yet recorded occurred in Washington a few days ago. As a gentleman of that town was walking up Pennsylvania avenue in the midst of a storm the wind suddenly pounced upon him and neatly extracting a handkerchief and heavy memorandum book from his inside coat pocket hurled them high in the air, and finally returned the book alone, minus the valuable papers and bank notes it contained when seized. The Republican says the job could not have been done more neatly had it been performed by a professional pickpocket.



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of praise to the King Eternal, who,  
through human agencies, propounded  
and built up the American Asylum.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items  
that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to asso-  
ciations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the  
benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends  
and readers will keep us supplied with items for  
this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

PRINCIPAL PARKER, of the Michigan Institution,  
recently spent a day or two in Chicago.

PROF. GAMAGE, of New York, talks of going  
to Newfoundland. We like dogs of that breed.

DR. AND MRS. ISAAC LEWIS PEET, remain dur-  
ing the summer, at their beautiful home on the  
Hudson.

PRINCIPAL PARKER, of the Michigan Institution,  
has recently had his "ad interim" taken off  
and is permanently installed.

PROF. CURRIER, of the New York Institution,  
is residing somewhere, but will be at the El-  
mira Convention without fail.

PROF. F. D. CLARKE and wife of New York,  
have gone to St. Paul, Minn. Mrs. PROF. CAR-  
ROLL, of Minn., is a sister of Mrs. CLARKE.

PROF. WILLIS HUBBARD, of the Michigan In-  
stitution, we understand, is spending his vaca-  
tion at home in Oswego, N. Y., this summer.

PROF. VAN TASSEL, of New York, thinks  
summer life in the suburbs of the city, as good  
as that anywhere else, and accordingly stays at  
home.

PROF. ELOYD, of New York, is interviewing  
the New Jersey mosquitoes; but is expected at  
Onondaga Lake with fishing tackle and gun in a  
short time.

N. D. MARKUM, of Chicago, while recently  
crossing a street, was knocked down and run  
over by a fast-driven buggy. He was badly hurt,  
but is now rapidly recovering.

PROF. AND MRS. WESTON JENKINS, of the  
New York Institution, with their charming little  
Ruthie, spend a good portion of their vacation at  
Falmouth, Mass., by the sea side; the balance  
of their time they rusticate among the Berkshire  
Hills.

PROF. T. L. BROWN, of the Michigan In-  
stitution, has been visiting his wife's relatives in  
Central New York. On his way to New Eng-  
land he stopped in Rome, N. Y., having a good  
time with pedagogic friends, and spent the  
"Fourth" in Onondaga, N. Y.

PROF. J. H. PETTINGILL, once of the New  
York Institution, still occupies his residence near  
the school. He is engaged in literary work, and  
Rumor announces a book from his pen, soon to  
be issued. It will probably not touch on matters  
pertaining to the deaf, but be limited to topics of  
another nature, probably religious.

THERE was no valetudinarian at the last com-  
mencement of the N. Y. Institution, and none  
was found to receive the gold medal. All of  
which does not speak well for the eight hour sys-  
tem of instruction, and the conference of prin-  
ciples knew what it was about when it condemned  
it 22 to 5.

PROF. JEREMIAH W. CONKLIN, the oldest  
teacher in the New York Institution, notwith-  
standing his forty years of consecutive services, is  
 hale and hearty, and passes his vacation as usual,  
in fishing in Great South Bay, Long Island,  
with headquarters at Babylon, L. I. He is a  
very expert fisherman.

THE way of the cross supervisor in a deaf-mute  
institution is hard. "What's your name?"  
he inquires of a disorderly but sharp boy.  
"Sullivan" is the answer; his name really is  
Smith, but down goes "Sullivan" in the mark  
book. Next morning in the chapel "Sullivan" is  
called up, and right here the explanations come  
in and we draw the veil.

CALVIN BROWN, the deaf-mute of Onondaga, N.  
Y., whom a doctor tried to make folks believe he  
had made to hear, but whom, by the way, he  
didn't, received bushels of letters of inquiry  
from persons from all parts of the country, soon  
after the advertising announcement had got  
abroad. The mail bags have been considerably  
lighter of late, for CALVIN never replied to any  
of his inquirers.

How to support a paper handsomely: Sponge  
it all you can, you and a dozen more of your neigh-  
bors. Get some one else to subscribe for it and  
then come round just in time to read it, when  
it arrives. This will encourage the editor largely  
and stimulate his efforts. If the paper fails  
for want of money why of course the fault is all  
his. He is expected to live on nothing and fur-  
nish gratis all the reading you want. If he does  
not fill the bill in this matter he deserves to fail.

A Table,  
For those who use the Book of Common  
Prayer.

Sunday, July 15th.

The Psalter for the 15th day of the  
month.

Morning Prayer.

1st Lesson—Exodus ix.

2d Lesson—Acts xx.

Evening Prayer.

1st Lesson—Exodus x.

2d Lesson—Hebrews xii.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the  
seventh Sunday after Trinity.

Sunday, July 22d.

The Psalter for the 22d day of the  
month.

Morning Prayer.

1st Lesson—Exodus xiv.

2d Lesson—Acts xxiv.

Evening Prayer.

1st Lesson—Exodus xv.

2d Lesson—Hebrews xiii.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the  
eighth Sunday after Trinity.

Card of Thanks.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Worcester,  
of Amherst, N. H., (both deaf-mutes), desire  
to return thanks to their neighbors for their  
kind and timely assistance in extinguishing the  
fire upon their dwelling on Sabbath morning, June 24th. They  
feel that but for the fortunate discovery  
of the fire, and prompt action of friends,  
their loss would have been a serious one.

—An exchange says: The blue ribbon  
has saved countless headaches this season,  
besides making comfortable thousands of  
families which have long known want.

## Elmira Convention.

SEVENTH BIENNIAL OF THE EMPIRE STATE  
ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES,  
AUG. 29 AND 30, 1877.

The Convention will open Wednesday,  
Aug. 29th, at 9 o'clock a. m., commencing,  
as far as decided, with the following  
PROGRAMME.

The President's address. Reports of  
officers. Varied remarks by distinguished  
persons, deaf-mutes and others, during  
which important questions may be dis-  
cussed.

Hon. Robert T. Turner,  
MAYOR OF ELMIRA,

will open the morning session with a  
short speech.

Afternoon Session.

At 2 o'clock, the orator of the day,  
Prof. S. T. Greene of the Belleville (Canada)  
Institution for Deaf-mutes, or his  
substitute, Prof. T. H. Jewell of the  
New York Institution, will discourse  
upon subjects of interest and importance.  
Addresses by distinguished guests.

Wednesday Evening.

At 7:45 o'clock services for deaf-mutes  
and their friends will be held at Trinity  
Church, the Rev. Dr. Knight, Rector.  
The service will be read orally and inter-  
preted by signs at the same time by Rev.  
Dr. Galland, who will make an in-  
teresting address.

Thursday Morning.

At 7 o'clock, in the same church, there  
will be a celebration of the Holy Com-  
munion, and short service before break-  
fast.

At nine o'clock sharp the association  
will assemble and proceed to the election  
of officers for the two years ending Aug.  
1879.

It proposed to have an excursion to  
the marvelous

WATKINS GLEN,

the world-renowned gift of attractive  
wonder from Nature to the Empire State.  
Train leaves at 12:30 P. M., returning at  
6 or 8, giving the excursionists six  
hours or more at the Glen.

Ladies and gentlemen attending will  
find a long duster handy, and are advised  
to bring one. The following hotels will  
receive deaf-mutes at the annexed rates—  
Rathbun House, \$2.50  
Pennsylvania House, 2.00  
Homestead Hotel, 1.00  
Pattinson House, 1.25  
Fraizer House, 2.50  
Delevan House, 2.00

The two latter houses are opposite the  
depot, and both good places. The Rath-  
bun is on Water St., and the best in  
town. The Homestead is on the same  
street, and is good for the price.

Elmira is reached by Delaware, Lack-  
awanna & Western R.R., from Utica and  
Syracuse to Binghamton and thence by  
Erie railway; also from Scranton, Pa.,  
and Albany and Susquehanna from Al-  
bany. The Lehigh Valley and Northern  
Central railroads carry passengers from  
Philadelphia and Pennsylvania points  
direct to Elmira. From New York city  
the Erie runs direct. From the West  
the Erie runs direct; and from Roches-  
ter via Northern Central railway is a  
good way to go.

Quite a number of deaf-mutes from  
Central and Northern New York ex-  
pect to go on Tuesday to Geneva by the  
N. Y. C. & H. R. railroad, thence to  
Watkins by boat over Lake Seneca, and  
thence to Elmira by railroad. There are  
other connections which each attendant  
can study out from any railway guide  
book. The locality is made convenient  
to the Pennsylvania deaf and dumb, and  
it is expected many will attend from that  
State.

Efforts are being made to secure re-  
duced fares on the principal lines.

Among the distinguished persons ex-  
pected to be present are Rev. Dr. Gal-  
land, Dr. I. L. Peet, Prof. Westervelt  
of the Western New York Institution,  
Rev. A. W. Mann of Ohio, Prof. Job  
Turner of Mass., and if he arrives from  
Europe in time, Prof. Nelson of the  
Central New York Institution.

Let all who can, attend and have a  
pleasant and enjoyable time.

H. C. RIDER, Pres't.

F. L. SELINEY, Sec'y.

For the Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

The Hidden Hand, or Quiet Doing.

BY MRS. E. M. GRAY, M. D.

We told our patient readers that we  
would tell them how they could open the  
doors and windows, so we betake our-  
selves to the task at once.

There is too wide a separation between  
parent and child in many instances.  
In order to secure the confidence of chil-  
dren we must be one with them, taking  
an interest in their sports and superin-  
tending the many nameless little things  
that make up the sum of their existence.  
We must sympathize with them, for  
childhood has its perplexities. There are  
some who think that childhood does  
not share with age, the bitter cup of care.  
They mistake. The tender heart of a  
little child is often crushed by an inad-  
vertent word, a look of scorn or of con-  
tempt. Beware, you who have the care  
and instruction of youth, how you tam-  
per with the love of their young hearts!  
The impressions of early childhood are  
never effaced. There may be an inter-  
vening time when memory seems obliterated.  
The young rush heedlessly on,  
but there will come a time in each one's  
history when the thoughts will be re-  
called: memory will travel down the  
long aisles of time and we will be living  
over other days. Then will enter the  
mind the teachings of those who once  
guided our infant steps, so that our feet  
slide not, or it may be the painful re-  
collections of scenes that even now cause a  
shudder of anguish. Who of us can look  
back to our little ones with feelings of  
pleasure, that we have stamped their  
lives with brightness and gladness? The  
day is not far distant when our children

will recount the scenes, and if we have  
not been faithful to our trust, we may  
hear of it when we least expect it. See  
that daughter, the child of our love.  
Now she is a young mother; she remem-  
bers her girlhood, happy or unhappy,  
and it has left its impress, and that im-  
press she will manifest with her own dar-  
lings. She does not mean that the ex-  
periences of her young life shall be lost  
on her infants. She remembers times,  
when, if her mother had only had self-  
command, how different would have been  
the result. Now she watches herself  
and guards well her actions that her  
children may not fall into the fearful  
whirlpool of discontent. She would rather  
encourage than discourage. Gentle-  
ness, and love will do what scolding and  
coercion cannot. Therefore throw open  
the windows of the soul, ever possessing  
that meek and quiet spirit which is of  
great price, and an ornament with which  
jewels cannot be compared.

Quietness in all things is an essential  
element of a well-bred person. Miss  
Emma was one of those natures, shun-  
ning outward display. She cared not to  
be seen or heard, but was content to be  
felt as a power for good to others and to  
Lilla. For this she lived, planned and  
executed. We hold up this lovely young  
woman to our readers for imitation. Her  
voice is low, her words simple, her ac-  
tions grave, her dress plain. Yet she  
was ever cheerful. The simplicity in  
her dress was highly praised from the  
fact that as far as wealth was concerned,  
she could have what she desired in that  
line; but she had learned that "life is  
real, life is earnest," and she did not have  
time to fritter it away on things that  
perish with their using. Yet she had  
cultivated a correct taste in the arrange-  
ment of her dress, the blending of colors,  
so that all were impressed with her style  
of dress. On her pet, Lilla, she display-  
ed fine taste, and as the little one would  
trip across the lawn she would follow  
her with her eye, as she would breathe  
out beautiful child, "blithe and gay as a  
little bird." Noble work, Miss Emma,  
and thou shalt ere long, reap thy harvest  
from these little ones thou art training  
at thy home. Yet, amid all these home  
comforts, Miss Emma had annoyances,  
but she maintained the even tenor of her  
ways. Fuss is a great obstacle to com-  
fort. Its effect is not only to heighten  
the unavoidable miseries of life, but to  
create unnecessary ones. Its influence,  
is chiefly apparent in the small annoy-  
ances of daily existence. The heavy  
strokes of fate fall with such crushing  
force upon the sensibility that it becomes  
at once too protesting to be capable of  
fuss. Grief subdues and makes silent,  
but vexation excites. It is astonishing  
how much misery, small perhaps in de-  
tail but immense in the aggregate, is vol-  
untarily imposed upon self and others by  
fussy people. Take, for example, the  
grossly exaggerated if not entirely simu-  
lated maladies which the fashionable  
doctors tell us form two-thirds of their  
cases. What a fuss is made by the pre-  
tended victims! And who can measure  
the degree of real suffering they inflict  
on others? How often are whole families  
and even communities made miserable  
by these chronic complainers, who often  
survive long enough to worry out of ex-  
istence several generations by unne-  
cessary fuss! Fuss is supposed by some  
to be essential to a good housekeeper, but  
Miss Emma did not think so and she had  
the management of the domestic affairs of  
her father's household, as we before stated  
that Mrs. Shelby could not attend to  
domestic cares in prison, and she consid-  
ered it her duty to fit her only daughter  
for the active responsibilities growing out  
of domestic relations. Miss Emma was  
not one of your pretty dolls, fit to drum  
on the piano, fan herself and occasionally  
faint away. No, she had developed bone,  
and muscle, and of course corresponding  
brain and mental calibre. No one ex-  
pects a weak puny organism to have  
strong brain powers. Sometimes the  
brain acts on the bodily vigor, but more  
often the dwarfed body stultifies the  
brain. The washing days, the cleaning  
days, must come in all households, and  
of course a fuss must be made, but not  
so in Judge Shelby's house. No one  
would ever know that there were such  
days were it not for the fact that the  
clean linen tells the story. Quiet is just  
as necessary to good housekeeping, as  
smoothness of work is to good machinery.  
It is quite a mistake to suppose that the  
unavoidable misery of washing-day is  
more effectively got over by fussing the  
whole week about it. It is no less so  
to suppose that the necessary evil of  
house-cleaning or any other domestic tri-  
ble of periodical occurrence is to be endur-  
ed more patiently by months of anticipa-  
tory fuss. We doubt moreover, whether  
we get a perfect or agreeable idea of  
cleanliness when constantly reminded by  
the ever present scrubbing brushes, soap-  
suds, bare floors, and uncarpeted stair-  
cases, of the ceaseless efforts of a fussy  
house-keeper. There is nothing more  
fatal to comfort and decorum of behav-  
ior than fuss. So let the fussy ones re-  
member that they are noted among their  
circle of friends, and beware. Let the  
children romp and play like Mary's little  
lamb.

There is no more beautiful sight than  
a healthy, well-formed child sporting in  
the freedom of innocence. Lilla was  
rapidly developing, and growing spright-  
ly and graceful, and some may ask why.  
Because the freedom of the body was not  
restrained by her dress. Often the dress  
is a constant obstacle to the natural de-  
velopment of the physical structure.  
Until the mother gets rid of the idea of  
giving a form to her child, and learns  
that it is her duty to accept what Nature  
has bestowed, the health and vigor of  
whole generations will be sacrificed.

In early youth the great essential of  
physical development is freedom. It is  
particularly important that there should  
be no obstacles in early life to the nat-  
ural growth, for at that period the hu-  
man structure is composed of a soft and  
pliable material, which may be made to  
assume any shape, however perverted,  
and a deformity thus, and then produced

will remain a deformity forever. The  
over-anxiety of fussy mothers in regard  
to the manners of their children leads  
also to an interference with their grace  
and vigor of growth. Romping boys  
and girls are often checked for being  
noisy when they should be encouraged.  
Their racing and shouting are instructive  
efforts at development, and essential to  
the strength of lung and muscle. Those  
who are unable to bear the noise of chil-  
dren are unfit to have or take charge of  
them. The lengthened silence and con-  
strained posture imposed by school teach-  
ers on their youthful pupils are as inhu-  
man as they are absurd. Let every  
grown person in the possession of all his  
maturity of strength and power of will,  
place himself or hold a limb in any fixed  
position, and see how long he can do  
either. The action, however, easy  
at first, is soon, if persevered in, followed  
by weariness and pain. Muscular action  
requires variety for relief. It is con-  
trary to nature, therefore, for teachers  
and parents to enforce fixed positions on  
their pupils and children. "Hold up  
your heads!" "Sit straight!" "Keep  
down your hands!" "Don't lean on your  
elbows!" "Don't bend your knees in  
walking!" (which by the way some of  
us older ones would be glad now to do)  
are commands we often hear in the nur-  
sery even. All these restrictions inter-  
fere with natural action.

Nature, after all, is the best posture-  
master, and gives lessons, not only of  
health, but of genuine grace. Let par-  
ents and teachers be less fussy, and leave  
their children's bodies and limbs at least  
to their natural movements and attitudes.  
Such an abstinence of interference may  
appear to careful mothers a neglect, but  
we assure them that it would be a whole-  
some neglect. An awkward carriage or  
a graceless motion, however, may become  
permanent from carelessness in allowing  
the young to persist in ugly tricks of at-  
titude, gesture or expression, until they  
are fixed habits. There are many of  
these most offensive practices which can  
be traced to no other origin but this. As  
no one of common decency will refer to  
the natural infirmity of any person, so  
the afflicted should make no allusion to  
it, as it is too often done, for they only  
show while pretending to indifference,  
an excessive susceptibility. Good sense,  
and, therefore, good taste, for they are  
inseparably united, dictate submission to  
the laws of nature.

Miss Emma carried all these ideas out  
in her management of Lilla, and con-  
trol at her Mission Home for little wan-  
derers. So, when Lilla shall land on  
womanhood no dwarfed body, no dwarfed  
mind will she have. Charles and  
Harvey were growing stout and muscu-  
lar under such home training. Yes,  
and Daisy, the playful kitly, was rapid-  
ly developing into muscular cathod.  
Even the noble Judge fancied himself  
to be developing under such genial influ-  
ences as the playful Lilla had aroused  
in the home circle. Somehow, even old  
hearts are susceptible, they catch the in-  
spiration of gleeful childhood.

What is a home without children?  
Dear little children! we ever love to  
hear the prattle of the little babe as it  
breathes out unintelligible nothings. If  
any of our readers become weary of our  
story, they may drop a note to H. C. Ri-  
der, Editor of the JOURNAL, and no  
doubt he will inform the writer. But if  
he does not, we will keep right along till  
our story is finished. So farewell, in all  
that farewell implies.

## Minnesota Institution.

CLOSING EXERCISES OF THE SCHOOL.

The annual examinations of the pu-  
pils of the Minnesota Institute for the  
Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, came off  
at the respective buildings as announced  
heretofore, and were every way satisfac-  
tory.

## BLIND DEPARTMENT.

The closing exercises of the Blind  
Department were held in their chapel  
yesterday forenoon. The following are  
the graduates: Rebecca Pugh, Hutch-  
inson; Carrie Rice, Breckenridge; Jo-  
siah Thompson, May, Martin county;  
Willie E. Thompson, Waseca; Orville  
E. Cadwell, Fairmount, Martin county.

## DEAF AND DUMB.

The closing exercises in this depart-  
ment took place yesterday afternoon.

The classes gave exhibitions of their  
proficiency in the various branches of  
study in which they had been engaged,  
and favored the audience with a number  
of recitations in the beautifully expres-  
sive and graceful sign language.

An essay entitled "The Press and  
Education," a very well written pro-  
duction, was delivered orally by a semi-  
mute, John C. Hutchinson, followed by  
the valedictory by the same young gen-  
tleman, which we regret that our limited  
space does not allow us to reproduce.  
So excellently did he acquit himself in  
tone and modulation, that he might  
have passed under other surroundings  
without suspicion of being a deaf semi-  
mute.

At the conclusion of the valedictory,  
R. A. Mott, Esq., Secretary of the Board,  
in response to a call, made some excel-  
lent remarks, in which he complimented  
the pupils as having far exceeded his  
original expectations. They had shown  
that they might even hope to rank as  
orators and professional men. He ex-  
horted them to endeavor to excel in  
whatever occupation they might choose.  
He paid a high tribute to the faithful-  
ness of Prof. Noyes and the assistant  
teachers.

State-Superintendent Burt addressed  
the graduates, giving them some excel-  
lent advice, and closed by bestowing up-  
on them their diplomas.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

### National Deaf-Mute College Notes.

From our own Correspondent.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—The college is now closed for the vacation, which began on the 21st of June last, and ends on the same day in September, thus giving us a long period of three months for rest and recreation. Having had no time before examination for writing you, I take this opportunity to do so and shall make up for my tardiness by telling all I know.

The first thing in order, then, is our Strawberry Festival, which took place about one week before the closing exercises of the college. The festival was given in place of our annual picnic for the sake of economy, as the expenses of our trip to the Centennial last year were very great, and there was need of some retrenchment. The lawn in front of our president's mansion was the scene of our festival, and we amused ourselves in playing croquet until the approach of darkness warned us that it was time to return to our rooms and to our books.

In announcing the results of our examinations, the president remarked that as a whole they were very gratifying to the faculty, and congratulated us on the smaller number of failures than formerly. He added that he thought the standard of the college was very much advanced and hoped it would go on advancing through our efforts.

Our commencement, which came off on June 20th last, had in it some curious features worthy of mention. The names of the would-be-graduates were John Emory Crane from Maine, Norris Wilbur Sparrow from Mass., and Lester De los Waite of Ohio. Mr. Waite had the honorary degree of Bachelor of Philosophy conferred on him. Now comes the strangest part of the story. Messrs. Crane and Sparrow had been rivals for scholastic honors ever since they first met at the Institution in Hartford, and continued to be so through their whole college lives. In the Freshman class they both kept so equal a footing in their recitations that the faculty were for a long time in doubt as to which had the better right to the class prize, until Mr. Crane got a little ahead of his opponent in his averages. The prize was then awarded to him, but Mr. Sparrow received an honorable mention. This rivalry was kept up throughout the remainder of their college course and it is not improbable that they will carry it out with them into the world. On Commencement Day, it was found that Mr. Crane's average for eleven terms was a little ahead of that of his rival by a few thousandths, but for the whole twelve terms, Mr. Sparrow ranked a little above him, but it had always been the custom of the faculty to decide upon the choice of a valedictorian by the average of the eleven terms; therefore the lot fell to Mr. Crane. Mr. Sparrow was honored with a special mention by the president.

In our first match game of base ball with the employees of the Government Printing Office, our club got defeated, owing to some loose play on the part of our nine; but burning to avenge our defeat, we challenged the printers to another match game on June 19th—the day before we left—and tasted the sweetness of revenge in defeating them by a heavy score. Thus we gained another victory before we came home.

Although the college was to formally close and vacation to begin on Thursday June 21st, all who could hurried away from the hot city on Wednesday night, leaving the college almost deserted. A large number, accompanied by some members of the faculty, kept company as far as New York, where they separated to go their different ways. A small party of us, under the escort of the veteran New Yorker, William A. Jackson, paid a flying visit to the Institution there. We beheld with wonder the colossal size of its main building, which can perhaps be nowhere equalled. We were particularly struck with the romantic scenery of the Institution on the banks of the long and winding Hudson river. How we wished that our college was situated near as noble and broad a river as the Hudson, where we could sport in its waters at all seasons of the year, and our regret was scarcely diminished by a sight of the barge "Evangeline," which belonged to the boys of the High Class. We found the boys of the High Class to be quite intelligent, and some of them can compare favorably with some of our own students in their command of the English language. The only wonder is that more of them do not enter our college, where they would be sure to do themselves credit. As for those of the other sex, I dare not mention their intelligence and beauty for fear of being accused of flattery.

We were very much pleased with our visit and I regret that there is not space enough for me to describe more fully what we saw in our visit.

STUDENT-AT-HOME.

### Letter from Marblehead.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS., July 4, 1877.  
EDITOR JOURNAL:—I know that many of the readers of your JOURNAL like to hear from old Marblehead and so I send a little news.

The most disastrous fire ever known during the more than two centuries that Marblehead has been a settled fact, began at 1:30 A. M., Monday, June 25th. My boy's steps awoke me, and after seeing a bright glare in the sky I was in a great hurry to dress, and washed my face and ran direct to the heart of the town which was the best part. I looked at the fire with sorrow because my employer's shop was going to fall an easy prey to the flame. A south-west wind was blowing at the time, which drove the flames rapidly forward and in a short time about eighty houses were destroyed. Poland, Bowden and myself used to work in the shop, and we lost our kits of tools by the fire.

The shoe factories were especially adapted to be quick food for the flames, which were like grasshoppers in Egypt. They licked up everything before them, but when morning came the flames were stayed. The destroyed houses had quietly basked in the light of a full moon at midnight. The destruction was immediate and terrible. Many persons had barely time to escape with their lives, and where the fire first originated hardly any property was saved.

Among the buildings burned was the last house which was occupied by Prof. Chamberlain before he moved to Rome, N. Y. Had he stayed in it he would have been burnt out for the second time. At the time the fire was spreading its path in a southwesterly course, the greatest terror prevailed. It seemed as if the whole town were doomed.

St. Michael's church, built in 1714, and the oldest Episcopal edifice in New England, Rev. Mr. Ward, rector, who is one of the trustees of the Industrial Home, was on fire several times and a large cinder had lodged on the top of its old square tower. Men worked like heroes to get at the roof. If this church had gone the antique buildings of the town would have been in ruins in less than an hour. It was saved only by almost superhuman exertions. All the citizens were aroused and in consternation during the progress of the fire. Eighty houses disappeared within four hours instead of twenty-four, as reported by the daily papers.

The name of our employer is Nathaniel Glora. He has found a shop in Beverly, two miles from Salem, and wants his old hands to work for him there. Mr. Bowden was the first to resume work at the new place. After this week, myself and others will work there.

New shoe factories will be built of brick instead of wood as were the old ones, and perhaps they will be ready before the first snow falls.

WILLIAM BAILEY.

### Prof. Job Turner in New York City.

NEW YORK, June 29, 1877.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—I must avail myself of a few moments' leisure to let you know some nice sunbeams of my trip from Hartford to this city, which I enjoyed very much.

On the morning of the 23d inst., I left the American Asylum for a very pleasant visit of about three days. I thought myself fortunate to be present at the closing examinations of Professors Williams and Bull, whose classes acquitted themselves well.

I stopped at New Haven for about two hours. I should have been pleased to fill my appointment if arrangements had been made for me, but I hope I shall do better another time. I intend to establish and organize a new church mission there for the benefit of the deaf-mute residents in that city and vicinity, including several counties. To my great surprise I found the city much larger and finer than when I was there in 1837.

Prof. Porter of the National Deaf-mute College was then one of the professors at Yale College. Never shall I forget his kindness in showing me and Messrs. James Fisher and Ira Derby the museum of curiosities which excited our curiosity very much. Little did I imagine that his brother would one day be President of Yale College. He is now at the head of the world-renowned college, where were once Gallaudet, Weld, Peet, Stone, Cary and many other speaking teachers of American Deaf-mute Institutions. I would have gladly stayed there longer, but my appointment for St. Ann's church would not permit. I took the next Boston and New York express for Bridgeport, to make Mr. and Mrs. Beers a call, when I set foot on the soil of that place for the first time, though I had passed through it many times. I walked a long distance to see Mr. and Mrs. Beers, but found only Mrs. Beers at home, her husband being at work some two miles distant. I had a very pleasant talk with her and found her to be very intelligent and sensible. Her fine features reminded me of her uncle Ira Derby, who was my class-mate and who was killed by being run over by a railroad train. He was a clever fellow and a dear companion to me. Mrs. Beers does good to her mute neighbors by explaining to them the word of God in one of the Episcopal churches Sunday afternoons. It is finely situated in view of the park.

I left by the next train and ended my journey safely about sunset. I turned my face toward Dr. Gallaudet's rectory, where I met with a very cordial reception from him and his wife who have done all they could to make my stay pleasant. I feel highly complimented that I am well acquainted with them because the name GALLAUDET is a household word through this country. I feel thankful that I have emerged into the luxuries of nice society, because it is the refined manners of its members which has been and is still improving my mind and language very much, which I consider a privilege and honor for a well-educated deaf-mute. I know from personal experience that no deaf-mute can convey his thoughts by writing, with accuracy, without mingling with good speaking society. Look at Miss Fanny H. Skinner, daughter of the late Commodore Skinner, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bettie Bear, both alumni of the Virginia Deaf-mute Institution, both of whom you would take for speaking ladies if you were to talk to them by signs. Their good education is attributable to their mingling with good speaking society. It was by the kind invitation and through the instrumentality of Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D. D. that I had the rare privilege of preaching a short sermon in St. Ann's church last Sunday, which I shall remember as long as life lasts.

On the night of my arrival Mr. James Lewis, the city missionary to deaf-mutes in New York, made me a call, and invited me to take tea with him and some of his deaf-mute friends next day after service, which invitation I accepted with

great pleasure. The guests at tea were Mrs. Gallaudet, Mr. Fitzgerald and wife, Mr. Thomas J. McClurg of Pittsburgh, Pa., and two or three others whose names do not now occur to me. Dr. Gallaudet would have joined our party, but important business called him out of town. We had an interesting service at St. Ann's Church on that day, but I need not give you a detailed account of it as I know your New York correspondent keeps you well posted on deaf-mute events in this city.

An affecting meeting took place between my old class-mate, Mr. Charles A. Douglas and myself, in St. Ann's Church before I conducted my service. I could hardly control my feelings at finding Mr. Douglas so much changed from what he was in 1836, and I should not have recognized him in the street. I had not seen him for about 38 years. He is quite an invalid. He used to be a bright pupil at the American Asylum, and a dear companion of mine. He used to live in Westfield, Mass., but now lives with his sister, whose husband is Judge Tyler of Fulton, N. Y. Mr. Douglas remembered me well. He is nearly blind and helpless, which condition almost affects me to tears, because I used to find in him a bright playmate. I am thankful that he is well cared for by Judge Tyler and wife, who have kindly invited me to come and see them, which I hope to do before long.

On the 25th Mr. Lewis, the deaf-mute city missionary, very kindly showed me such grand sights as the Home for Aged and Infirmed Deaf-mutes, the Custom House, the new Post Office, and the Suspension Bridge, now being constructed between this city and Brooklyn.

To our great delight, Mr. McClurg of Pittsburgh, accompanied us. We called to see Messrs. Fitzgerald and Witschiet at the Custom House, both of whom are well known to the New York readers of your paper. I have enjoyed their acquaintance very well for more than fifteen years, and have always respected them as friends. I will give you an account of my visit to the Home in my next letter.

We parted with Mr. McClurg at the St. Nicholas Hotel, where he was stopping. He said he was about going to Mystic, Conn., to take his deaf-mute daughter home to spend her vacation. At first sight I took him for a speaking gentleman. I found him a very pleasant companion. He told me that he would be happy to have me visit him at his home near Pittsburgh.

The same afternoon Mr. Lewis and myself called to see Mrs. Carlin, but unfortunately she was out of town. I missed Mr. Carlin, because I had a great desire to talk to him on various important subjects, which I had to postpone until some future time. I enjoyed a talk with his son and one of his daughters. I believe her name is Lottie. Great pleasure it would have given me to have derived much light from Mr. Carlin upon the subjects of which I have just spoken. I have not had the pleasure of seeing him for ten years, or since the silver pitcher was presented to Dr. H. P. Peet. We also called to see a smart and energetic.

On the afternoon of the 26th inst., Mr. Lewis and I went to the New York Institution to be present at the closing exercises the next day. A very warm welcome did I receive from Dr. I. L. Peet, the energetic principal, and he kindly introduced me to Dr. Porter, the Superintendent, Mr. Brainerd, the Steward, Mrs. McKie, the Matron, and several of the teachers, among whom were Professors Jenkins and Carrier. Such a very kind treatment did I receive at their hands that I soon felt at home. I was happy to meet with my old acquaintances, Messrs. Conklin and Gamag.

Dr. Peet invited me to dine with him the same evening, and I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Peet and Miss Ida Montgomery, in both of whose appearance time has not made much change.

Next day I was present at the closing exercises, which were of the most interesting character. I will prepare some account of the exhibition for my next letter.

On the morning of the 28th, Prof. Gamag, my old acquaintance and friend, kindly offered to show me Central Park, which he did to my great delight, and about which I will give you some facts in my next.

I returned to this rectory at noon and was well received again. I have been introduced to so many interesting deaf-mutes that I cannot remember all their names, but the oftener I see them the better I know them.

I had a card a day or two ago from my old classmate, Mrs. Barnum, telling me that they would like to have me officiate and lecture in Chicago, next fall, which I hope to do.

A very pleasant week have I passed with Dr. Gallaudet and his family. They have my heartiest thanks. I must part with them this P. M., to go to Fall River to fulfill my appointment there next Sunday.

Yours sincerely,

JOE TURNER.

### Hooksett Reform Club.

Old Fellows' Hall was crowded full last Saturday evening to hear the deaf and dumb man, Prof. Job Turner, lecture on temperance, which was not only interesting and eloquent, but his notions and signs as well as the position into which he put himself were very amusing. There were present thirteen deaf-mutes, who seemed to enjoy the occasion quite as much as those who could hear. Capt. Geo. H. L. Head acted as interpreter. Miss Lizzie Cole, of Concord, recited the Lord's Prayer, and although by signs, it was executed or rendered in a very graceful, modest and impressive manner, while the audience sat in silence, wonder and amazement.

*Sundbook (N. H.) Journal, May 19, 1877.*

### Indiana Notes.

CLOSING EXERCISES OF THE SCHOOL—THE DEAF-MUTE W. M. FRENCH—HIS FLIGHT FROM JUSTICE—HAIL BONDS FORFEITED—HIS CRIMINALITY WELL ESTABLISHED.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—It is a long time since I have contributed to the columns of your very excellent paper, which, however, seems to ever be prospering despite the absence or negligence of any contributions from this quarter. The reasons I have partially quoted it are too obvious here to need an explanation; in short, it is not worth while to tell anybody outside of here or the readers of your paper.

The Institution here, closed last week. It was the last Commencement of the season. All the college and high school Commencements were closed before that time. The writer of this was at several of them, but none was as fine in point of arrangement and management, and in other respects, such as attire and delivery of essays and addresses. The handsome and commodious chapel was tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers, arranged by skillful hands, under the supervision of Prof. S. J. Vail, that good, always helping hand. On the four large slates was written, in manumeth letters, the motto, "The Deaf Hear; The Dumb Speak." The graduating class consisted of five pupils, three young gentlemen and two young and blooming ladies of the first rank.

The programme stood as follows: Salutatory, by Wm. Lang; The Love of Liberty, by C. E. Gregory; Oratory, by R. D. Lee; "Where we are and what we are," by Nancy Hooper; "Step by step we reach the goal," with Valedictory, by Carrie Burton. The last named was the finest both in point of literature and delivery.

Of course all the essays were rendered in signs by each author. Meanwhile the papers were being read by Prof. H. S. Gillett, their teacher, for the benefit of the large audience of hearing friends. The children were unusually quiet in their seats, and everything passed off orderly and pleasantly. Never before was there a larger audience of friends from the city and other points of the State present to witness the closing exercises of the Institution. The writer noticed a venerable old lady with her grandson in the audience. She had come from one of the neighboring towns on foot; he also noticed that the boy had a sore foot, unable to wear a shoe, and was barefooted.

The graduating members were well attired; the gentlemen being dressed in black with white vests and white neckties, and wearing standing collars whose corners projected almost beyond the reach of their arms, (I) while the ladies wore white dresses, elaborately trimmed with lace and fringe. Miss Carrie Burton, the valedictorian, was beautifully attired in a white tarlatan dress, trimmed around the sleeves above the elbows, the neck and border with white silk and silk fringe, in French style, and white kid slippers with white roses on the insteps. Her hair was literally bedecked with very tasteful flowers. She wore a gold necklace with a charm attached to it, and had gold bracelets on her white arms.

The exercises are now over, and all the pupils have gone to their homes. Besides those five young men and women, a large number of others graduated, there being a larger number of graduates and discharges than ever before since the establishment of the Institution. A large number of them were under-graduates only. Those who graduated in the first class of the Primary Department, received diplomas. Those of other classes received recommendations from the superintendent and trustees.

The venerable old gentleman, Mr. Willard, was present to witness the exercises and the fruit of his early labor. He sees with delight that his labor is crowned with glory. How proud one feels when his life is spared to see the fruits and glory of hard labor. Mr. Willard looks to be older than he really is, his head being almost bald, with a few scattering hairs here and there around where his hat rests. He is our nearest neighbor, and has a very nice residence, surrounded with evergreens and other trees. His house is entirely hid from the view of persons on the street.

The notorious scoundrel, W. M. French, has forfeited his bail of \$1,000. He owes the State a term of two years of hard labor. The sheriff is after him, and will catch him even if it takes twenty years to do so. No deaf man or woman should receive him into his or her house, for any consideration. Every mute in Indiana should remember that W. M. French has committed so many dastardly outrages and crimes that it is dangerous for them to let him come in contact with them. He has ruined many a mute lady as well as hearing ones. He has never been punished for any of his crimes. The mutes ought to bear in mind that he was at the bottom of the late scandal. He tried to make two good Christian gentlemen the scapegoats of his sins. He failed in the attempt, but escaped merited punishment. The forging of a treasury warrant was his last act, and the strong arm of the law had seized him. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to two years' imprisonment at hard labor. About the time he was to appear in court at his new trial, he wrote to the *People of Indianapolis* and explained to the court why he did not think the court could induce him to appear before it. He boasts even that d-l at lying and pretending innocence, and in possessing no sense of decency or shame.

Every intelligent and sensible mute who knows him, will shudder to read his words, they are so bold and naked of decency, showing him to outshine Mephistophiles of yore. He is very smart and of good address, very entertaining, and evidently calculated to easily mislead the mutes; and it is no wonder he has deceived many, and he will many more unless they avoid him.

The Institution has had a new fence put up around it, and other improvements are now being made. The writer has been the recipient of several letters from pupils since school closed. Every one complains of being unable to find employment, and says that he is spending his time in learning archery and pop-gun amusements. Every one thinks that archery will soon take the place of powder and shot.

Mr. J. S. Vail has had a permanent boarder added to his family. The Prof. used to go to the grocery with two baskets; now he takes three, one in each hand and one on his head. He is feeling proud! It will some day sit on his lap, and stroke his white hair and beard, and make him feel proud in his old age. It will attract the attention of gentlemen in his company.

Two teachers have resigned. Their resignation took effect at the close of the school session. They are going to be married on the 10th inst. The sympathy of all at the Institution attend them in their future trials.

On the 19th ult., the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet and Rev. A. W. Mann, held service in Christ Church before a fair-sized audience of adult deaf-mutes. Dr. G. baptized the two little girls of Mr. D. Atkinson.

Mr. Mann has promised to come again when he can, and hold services.

The officers of the Institution are talking of calling a meeting of its graduates in August. Nothing is definite about it yet.

CORRESPONDENT.

Indianapolis, Ind., July 3, 1877.

### New York Letter.

CLOSING EXERCISES OF THE NEW YORK INSTITUTION—OTHER DEAF-MUTE ITEMS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Last Wednesday, the 27th ult., was a great gala day at the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb—a day on which its annual examination came off. Accompanied by a young lady friend, your correspondent took the noon train on the Hudson River railroad, at the corner of 10th Avenue and 30th street, and after about half an hour's ride and a few minutes' walk we found ourselves on the Institution grounds. As we approached this noble structure, we saw in the distance the glorious stars and stripes floating in the summer breeze, which showed that there were many true and loyal hearts within its time-honored walls.

Standing in the large and spacious front hall, looking at the happy groups scattered here and there, we noticed many of the former pupils of the school and graduates of the National Deaf-mute College, some of the American Asylum, of the Pennsylvania Institution and of several other schools for the deaf and dumb.

Shortly before two o'clock, (at which time a bountiful repast was provided for the visitors in the dining room), my friend and myself went on a tour of pleasure through the girls' sitting room, on the walls of which hang several fine pictures. We then went into the dressing room, where we found that several changes had been made for the better accommodation and convenience of the female pupils. Next we went up into the dormitories, in the upper one where the larger girls sleep, each bed having a chair belonging to it.

Having satisfied our curiosity here, we walked over to the chapel which was tastefully decorated with evergreens. Over the slates on the platform is a good photograph of the immortal Clero, and below it were the words, "He maketh the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak." Also the word "Farewell." The union flag waved proudly over the front door of the chapel.

Returning to the hall again the dining room doors were soon thrown open and the company was ushered in by the principal and officers of the institution. When all had done ample justice to the good things set before them, the visitors vacated the room, some going to the parlors, others to the reception room, and still others where they chose.

In a few minutes the exercises in the chapel began, and guests and pupils entered and took seats. The exercises were of an exceedingly interesting character. After several little boys and girls had shown what they had learned during the few months they had been under instruction, some of the graduates of the High Class were called to the slates, and while they were busily occupied with their thoughts and with their crayons, writing words of welcome to the audience, Miss Florence H. Jones recited in the sign language the well-known poem by Drake, entitled "The American Flag." This she did with much effect. The exercises over, diplomas and prizes were awarded, soon after which the chapel was as silent as the tomb.

While the exercises were going on, the writer of this, with her friend, had a pleasant call on Mrs. C. W. Van Tassel at her city home on West 158th St.

After an hour of cheerful intercourse, we walked back to the Institution to wait for the evening train, which took us and many other visitors back to the city. We reached home about seven o'clock, carrying with us many pleasant recollections of our own school life. We regret much that we have not space enough here to say something about James H. Caton, the blind deaf-mute boy, and Edward McCormick, the deaf-mute boy without arms, who have been taught to speak.

Mr. W. G. Jones and two pupils of the New York Institution were confirmed at the P. E. church in Carmanville one Sunday evening last month. Dr. Gallaudet interpreted for the deaf-mutes.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Leary of Tarrytown, are blessed with a little daughter, born on the 3d inst.

While in Indianapolis, Ind., recently, Dr. Gallaudet baptized two little girls, children of deaf-mute parents.

Miss Carrie Durbrow, of Elizabeth, N. J., went to Boston on the 21st ult., and does not expect to return home until October.

Mr. and Mrs. H. McClave, of Tarrytown, N. Y., have a little girl born on the 4th ult.

During his short stay in the city, Prof. Job Turner called twice at the Home for Aged and Infirmed Deaf-mutes, and he said it was a very nice Home. Mr. Turner assisted at the afternoon service in St. Ann's Church on Sunday, the 24th ult. His text was St. John 12:35. He also addressed the M. D. M. L. A. on the evening of the 28th ult. There was quite a good attendance of deaf-mutes.

ARLINGTON.

New York, July 4, 1877.

### Beheaded in Brooklyn.

A DEAF AND DUMB GIRL'S HEAD COMPLETELY SEVERED FROM HER BODY BY THE WHEELS OF A CAR—A HORRIBLE SPECTACLE.

Considerable excitement was caused in the vicinity of Nostrand avenue and Malbone street, on Wednesday night, July 4th, by a street car accident of a shocking and very painful character and Dr. which was instantly attended with fatal results. Ida Burrell, a deaf and dumb girl, aged 19, who had been selling flowers in the neighborhood with her sister, frightened at some fireworks, ran back wards from the side-walk, and not seeing car No. 19 of the Nostrand Ave. line, ran against it and was knocked down by it and before she could recover herself and before the driver, Patrick Wall, could "brake up" his car, her head was caught between the rail and the wheels, and they passed over her neck completely severing her head from her body.

The ill-fated girl's remains were removed to her home, corner Malbone St. and Flatbush avenue, where the Coroner of No. 39 Fifth St., held an inquest. Wall was arrested and held to await the action of the Coroner.

After making further inquiries, it was fully ascertained that the driver went to the station house in company with Mr. C. B. Allen, the Superintendent of the line, and gave himself up. When the inquest was held a verdict of accidental death was rendered, and the driver was acquitted and the company notified that no one was to blame.

Up to the time of writing another reporter furnished these lines, Miss Burrell's mother was very restless while she was attending the Institution and therefore had her brought home, hence the accident. Coroner Stums said that the fracture of the skull was a "compound crack" and that there would have been no hopes of recovery had the head not been severed from the body. The car must at that moment have been filled with people returning from Prospect Park, the direct route of this line. The excitement in the neighborhood was intense and little else was talked of but the accident. No one could tell how the wheels served as a guillotine, and the accident we are called upon to record is one of many, and one which is necessarily called for. The locomotive which has paid painful tributes to our brothers outside, differs from this small horse car. But we promise to furnish the readers of the JOURNAL with further details in another issue.

GUILLLOTINE.

Brooklyn, July 5, 1877.

A Reform Club at Pittsfield, Mass., mainly by penny subscriptions, erected a drinking fountain in the village park. At the dedication, on the 4th, Senator Dawes made an address, accepting it, saying that he "had found it easier not to drink at all than to drink moderately, however innocent and harmless that might be to others." He thought the women ought to keep on erecting fountains till at every turn they would take the place of corner groceries.

Wells, Kenner and Casenave, of the indicted returning board of Louisiana, have given bonds. The charge against them refers wholly to electoral votes. The indictment as accessories of Stanley Matthews and John Sherman will follow. Prosecution will be conducted by the Attorney General, and is inspired by the national democratic committee. Another report says the move was started by the anti-Nicholls party, which proposes to push the prosecution vigorously, and in case of executive pardon will impeach the Governor. Gov. Nicholls announces his intention of pardoning the accused if convicted.

WELLS, KENNER AND CASENAVE.

It is said that the Postmaster General declares it a mistake of the office holding politicians to infer that the concession in the case of the Wisconsin postmasters is a sign of letting up or backing down on the President's part in the enforcement of his order. The President is determined to keep the administration planted on his order.

An oriental traveler describes this busy scene, witnessed on historic shores: "Our steamer landed on a beach which was the port of Antioch, where the disciples were first called Christians. There was no town at the water's edge, no people, no wharf. The passengers and the merchandise were put ashore in lighters, which ran up into the sand. A troop of camels, with their drivers, lay on the beach, ready to transfer the goods into the interior. Among the articles landed were boxes marked 'Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.', showing that they contained medicines and whence they came. These with the other goods were hoisted on the backs of camels, for transportation to Antioch. Thus the skill of the West sends back its remedies to heal the maladies of populations that inhabit those eastern shores, whence our spiritual manna came."—*Windsor (Vt.) Chronicle*.

### BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Boston, July 7, 1877.

EDITOR INDEPENDENT:—The Nation's anniversary—its 101st—is among the things of the past. In the absence of any organized celebration at the Hub this year (patriotism had all been expended on Pres't Hayes' entertainment) the general features of the day were rowing and sailing boat races, horse races, ball matches, excursions without number, and a general good time by everybody, on their own hook. The usual influx of country people, itinerant showmen, and catch-penny merchants, made the streets lively and all the public resorts crowded. The Common, that Noah's ark of all creation, was the headquarters of everybody. A band discoursed some patriotic airs, which attracted a large audience, and gave much satisfaction to those near enough to the grand stand to hear the music. The people were surfeited with Italian musicians, peddlers, Punch and Judy exhibitions, wax figures, legerdemain performances, and a grand variety of shows not classified, and there was no lack of sport. A sort of "slopping over" gush prevailed generally. The usual number of drunks was not omitted, and the police earned their wages. In fine, E. Pluribus Unum was well represented.

INCENDIARISM.

Is fearfully on the increase, as recent disastrous conflagrations all over the country testify. While always condemning this style of revenge, it is unnatural that poor people who are willing to work, and must eat and drink, but can find no employment, should become desperate and destructive? Is it to be wondered at, that the representative of plenty should be envied by the destitute? Is not the torch the equalizer of worldly possessions? Ask St. John, Marblehead, and other places, where the rich are made poor suddenly by incendiary hands! Seriously, the alarming increase of fires all over the country is attributable to some cause—and the sooner the authorities discover it the better for community. If we are educating a commune among us, it is well to know it, and apply a remedy, before its power gets formidable. If *want* drives honest men into violation of law for the sake of bread, what may we not expect from the hardened classes who pillage and burn from sheer love of the destruction they cause? Set idle hands at work, and we will have fewer fires and less destruction of property.

WAR! WAR! WAR!

The 4th of July was made the occasion for a formal declaration of war upon President Hayes and his policy. At Bowen's country seat, in Connecticut, ex-Gov. Chamberlain, of S. C., and J. G. Blaine, of Me., fired the first shot at Rutherford B. and threatened him with severe drubbings all along his road over the Presidential Course. So far the volunteers are not coming in to join the assassins, and but little notice is taken of the affair outside of the Captain and Lieutenant. Even Mr. Hayes is not disturbed by it, and plainly says he don't care at all. Henry Ward Beecher, always conspicuous in war, says:

I think Mr. Chamberlain has made a mistake. His speech seems to me very ill-timed. Why couldn't he wait for vindication, like Father Welles, and give his story when it had become matter of history? Now only ill-feeling can be excited, and I can see no possible good likely to result from it. I think that Mr. Chamberlain is honorable and unselfish, but he might have considered the difficulties which attended the President's action. Whatever Mr. Hayes promised in Columbus, he must only be held to what he can perform in the presidential chair. Suppose a man undertakes to meet another at a given point, and the current and the shifting winds carry them apart, can he be justly blamed? I think that President Hayes should be allowed to develop his policy on the three great points of the finances, the Southern question and civil service reform, and that his policy should be fairly tested by time before it is judged.

Bowen, with his "Independent," requires another war to help fill his treasury again. He is nothing if not in a fight. Even a wind-mill scrimmage suits him, if he makes dollars by it.

RED HOT.

Weather has come at last, and with it comes sun-stroke, sea-serpents, picnics, and ice-cool beverages for the inner man.

YANKEE.

The Pan-Presbyterian Council, now sitting in Edinburgh, was born principally of the efforts of Dr. McCosh, President of Princeton College, and Dr. Blake, of Scotland. It was first proposed at the tercentenary of the Scottish Reformation, held November 20th, 1872, in Philadelphia. In May 1873, the proposition received the approval of the General Assemblies of the Presbyterian church in this country and of the Irish Presbyterian church. In October following, when the Evangelical Alliance met, a provisional committee was appointed, which communicated with thirty-eight churches, asking their countenance and co-operation. In the summer of 1874 the proposition was ratified at meetings held in London, Belfast and Edinburgh, and it was decided to organize the whole scheme at a general meeting in London in 1875. At this meeting, the principal Presbyterian churches throughout the world were represented. It was agreed that the first General Presbyterian Council should be held in Edinburgh in July, 1876, but owing to the American Centennial celebration, it was postponed until this year. The meeting also adopted a constitution and arrived at an agreement as to the principles held common by the churches. The council comprises delegations from 10 countries, representing 48 branches of the Presbyterian denomination, and embracing upwards of 20,000 churches.



## Something New in Newspaper Premiums.

The Kansas City (Mo.) Times must be given the credit of a new movement in the premium business, which revives the interest, already flagging under repetitions, of the ordinary agricultural lottery. The Times has conceived the idea of offering to its subscribers as prizes a number of pretty and amiable young ladies, all of whom voluntarily offer themselves up to be drawn as wives by lucky bachelors who become readers of the Times. An advertisement for volunteers in the distribution, which is to take place some time this month, is bringing in scores of responses. If the ladies are to be believed, the man who draws any one of them may be satisfied with his lot in life. Strange to say, they are nearly all brunettes, seventeen years old. One of them, a Kansas damsel, says: "I am called pretty good-looking, smart and stylish. I can cook and wash dishes, and act the lady, just as I am a mind to." Another gives the more important information that she will have a marriage dowry when she is of age. A third is sure that she has courage and dash, but as to her meekness, merely remarks: "Let the man who catches me say for himself." Three girls from Iowa submit their names and gravely declare: "We can give vouchers for our prettiness, intelligence and sweetness." A Missouri applicant is also willing to give the best of references. She says: "As for being sweet and good-looking, I can't say I am either one, but some of the young men say I am." A young lady puts herself up like a choice picture at a sale, with a reserve right of withdrawal: "I reserve the right not to accept the 'fellow' unless he is respectable and has 'chink' to support a wife." Far different is the tone of a maiden who describes herself as somewhere between twenty and twenty-seven years old. She evidently grasps at the lottery, as her last desperate chance, and exclaims: "I am willing to abide by the rules governing the drawing, as matrimony is only a lottery at the best."

Why do not printers succeed to the same extent as brewers? Because printers work for the head and brewers for the stomach; and where twenty men have stomachs, but one has brains.—*Printers' Register.*

Nothing seems to please a fly so much as to be mistaken for a whortleberry, and if it can be baked in a cake and palmed off on the unwary as a currant, it dies happy.

## Independent Letters, No. 1.

Letters to the Independent have, before, attempted to tell something of the beauty of the scenery here, of the charms that nestle coyly in the glens, coves and valleys to be seen from the rim of Sand mountain. Where the States cluster together to get a breath of mountain air, or a breeze along the Tennessee river, one is not apt to pause to reflect to which should be given credit for the many attractions to stranger eyes. East Tennessee possesses so much that to him that hath shall be given," and North Georgia and Alabama are supposed to be included in any general description of East Tennessee. It is not always possible to impart to others correct impressions of the scenes and places amid which we are; yet the first throbs of the pulse of spring, the first pale green of her promise, the pink of the azaleas, the purple of the wood violets, the delicious breath of crab apple groves, moved me with vague longings to fulfill my promise to the Independent, but the delicate fringe of the white ash faded to a phantom, the bronze, baby fingers of the oak reached into broad leaf and dense foliage, the misty outlines of majestically spring rounded into the matornly fullness and dignity of summer and yet our I. L. was not.

But a new impulse is given my lagging pen. The tide of immigration sets northward. A large colony from the north (from in and about New York City, we are told) purchase lands in North Alabama, and make Huntsville their headquarters. A private letter tells us of 120 Massachusetts families looking with longing eyes to homes under these softer skies. Why should they not come? Land is cheap, at least, until the buyer gets here and falls into the clutches of a few farmers; climate is cheap to those who need it, at any price, but in buying that it is well to invest in a few acres for a home at the same time. But come if you feel like it, others have done so; come in colonies; large bodies of land can often be bought cheaper than little farms; traveling expenses, fares, freights, hotel bills, are, or ought to be, much lighter; home ties do not seem so utterly broken; familiar faces, manners, customs, tend to ward off or mitigate that sometimes fatal disease, homesickness. Kept well in countenance by numbers, the northerner foreigner (the southerner has tried it) may yet—perpetuate the

peculiarities he has indulged and his friends endured. Think of these advantages of numbers. Hitherto, in the years since that terrible struggle, isolated families coming to this colder than stranger land for warmth and welcome, have endured a melancholy exile for a few months or a few years and then returned sadly to the fatherland, or gone into remote exile in the mythical Paradise of Texas or some other nondescript region. A few have outlived their own and their neighbors' prejudices, and now find life tolerable away from the mother country. Should one say "a few"? They are scattered all about the country, towns, and villages of East Tennessee. Chattanooga was evidently born north of the Ohio and emigrated for her health, and she has no doubt been a great benefit to the climate, and intends doing more for it yet. The soldiers who bivouaced there will remember that this region is well wooded, well watered, and some will remember the long summers with cool nights, the moist winters with a rare snow.

Under the ribs of these forest-clad mountains and ridges are vast beds of coal, iron and other valuable minerals. Specimens of these, together with a valuable map of this great mineral belt, were exhibited by Chattanooga at the Centennial. (Copies of this map have been struck, and can, perhaps, be obtained in Chattanooga.)

A few public-spirited men, among whom is Gen. Wilder, have done much to make known the immense resources stored here, and foreign as well as home capital puts its shoulder to this wheel of no uncertain fortune.

South Pittsburgh, twin with the Centennial, at the mouth of Battle Creek, on the margin of the Tennessee and at the foot of the Cumberland, is the creation of "The Southern States Coal and Iron Company," an English company with a capital of \$250,000. A little hamlet known as Daddsville, rechristened the better name Victoria, is the point for coal. It is 13 or 14 miles away, 8 miles beyond Jasper in the Sequatchee valley. Railway is complete to this point, and the work of sinking shafts, driving drifts, planting machinery, goes rapidly forward. About 2,000 tons of coal are out but the mines are not yet in complete working order. Farther to the west, near the Little Sequatchee, lies some of its iron ore.

Upon the French Broad this company owns mines of inexhaustible ore. It is intended to mine and reduce the ore at these places, and, in time, to manufacture largely. Plates, bars, railroad iron, machinery, and ultimately, steelworks and cutlery. Ultimately, snith your correspondent, but who knows how to apply the word to the designs of any corporation? A very large investment has actually been made in mineral lands, (about \$300,000, I am told, and mineral lands are abundant and cheap here), and about the site of South Pittsburgh, they have about 2,500 acres river bottom land.

At South Pittsburgh much substantial work has been done. Lots 50x140 ft., streets 80 ft. wide have been surveyed, and the streets set with maple trees. Two furnaces, a foundry, machine shop, C. & S. store, Co.'s offices, laboratories, sheds, shops, etc., with a number of pretty dwelling houses are already built and much more work projected. Lots sell from \$200 to \$700 and even \$1,000. The sale of intoxicating drinks is forbidden by special statute but not yet enforced. The sister town of Hamburg, or Shamburg (which is it?) has its traps and guns for the unwary, and a little farther away, State Line (is this a polite name for the gallows rope it) snarls the poor fellow who hardly succeeds in escaping Hamburg. This is not a pleasant picture to close this letter with, but as I write, the poor fellows too helpless to get home alone in the rain and the dark, reminds me of this "attraction," and the need of a Murphy here.

R. G. FLEMING.  
Long Island, Ala., June 19, 1877.

**Superior Butter Tubs.**  
Many of our readers will remember an account we gave some time ago about the manufacture of S. N. Gustin's Animal Poke. On Tuesday of this week we again visited his factory, and found that he was very busily employed making Allison's Patent butter tubs, although he is still engaged to some extent in the manufacture of pokes.

These butter tubs are made almost entirely by machinery. Dry spruce, ash and oak are used in their manufacture. After the bolts have been cut to the right length, they are sawed into staves; these are trimmed to the required width, after which they are matched, grooved, and planed inside and out, and the bottoms cut and covered by machinery.

These tubs are air-tight, and therefore keep the butter good much longer than the common tub. They cost more than the ordinary butter tubs, but this extra expense is more than compensated by the higher price which (it is reasonably claimed) will be paid for butter packed in these air-tight tubs, when the public learn their superiority.

Mr. Gustin showed us a contract which he had just entered into with J. G. Ayres & Co., of Syracuse, to manufacture 20,000 of these tubs, which are to be paid for on their delivery at the cars. Messrs. Ayres & Co. show their confidence in the merits of the tub by the magnitude of their order. Mr. G. is able to manufacture with his present facilities about 1,000 tubs per week.

—Mr. S. W. Eddy, (son of C. C. Eddy of this town) has returned home from Springfield, N. Y., where he has been occupying the position of principal of Griffith Institute for the past two years, and returns again next year. They say he has side whiskers; but they lack breadth if not culture.

## Washington Correspondence.

(From our own Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 30, '77.  
Among all the prominent political questions of the day, the reorganization of the "silver dollar of our fathers" appears to be paramount. It is favored and it is opposed. So great a variety of sentiments are expressed, in fact, that one scarcely knows what party favors or what opposes. Political opinion seems to be growing in favor of the measure, especially in the West. It is of course highly important that the subject be thoroughly understood, and if discussion will elucidate the matter, it will be made clear to all. It is the more important from the fact that the law authorizing the coinage of the silver dollar was repealed without the knowledge of the people, as the attention of the public was not called to it at all, although it was pending before Congress for some time. The following is the ground that one of our leading independent journalists takes: "Although the silver has been so generally demonetized, there are many sound reasons in favor of the double standard. Gold and silver are both recognized by the Constitution as fit for money. Historically silver has the highest claim to be considered the standard, since in England the pound sterling of silver was the monetary unit from the earliest times, and in our own country Congress, by the acts of 1792 and 1834, established the principle that while the gold dollar might be enlarged or diminished, the silver one was not to be changed. By the act of 1834 the gold dollar was reduced from 24.75 to 23.25 grains fine gold. Our country being a large producer of silver, it is suicidal for us to adopt a policy which depreciates the value of our money. It is inexpedient that our Government be absolutely remoneted silver, notwithstanding these facts."

All this and much more of the same sort is talked of in every circle, while the poor women who don't even try to comprehend such abstractions, get half crazed and turn with joy to some one who tells them that W. W. Corcoran has donated \$20,000 to the discharged Government employees. It is not a probable story, but it is in everybody's mouth, and we wish it would prove true. This Civil Service reform is like a double-edged sword to many of the poor widows and orphans, who, through its decrees, are being turned adrift, without money, friends or home, with absolutely no means of subsistence. Well, they ought to be willing to starve and suffer and die, of course, for the good of their country, at least we who are without the circle of sufferers comfort them by telling them so. W. W. Corcoran is a wealthy retired banker, who has the name of being a philanthropist. He founded the Art Gallery here, and has done various good works, and we know he might do this deed if he felt inclined, therefore the story is receiving some credit.

The hot weather comes on apace. One of the happy effects observable thereof, is the noticeable diminishing number of visitors and office-seekers at the White House. This week the number in waiting in the ante-rooms and public parts of the house was very small every day, not more than 25 or 30 at the time, whereas three weeks ago there were crowds waiting to see the President almost as soon as the doors were opened, until the hour of admission to the President's office. Whether the Executive patronage is all disposed of, or the excessive heat is keeping the patriotic, office-loving American citizen at home, is a matter that we should judge the Chief Magistrate would be thankful concerning.

MARTHA M. WHITNEY.

## An Oswego Sailor's Body Recovered.

The following special dispatch to the Detroit Free Press from Sandusky was received on Wednesday night: "The body of C. Wilder, the sailor missed from the schooner Willie Keller at this port Sunday last was discovered in the bay here to-day. Wilder came aboard of the schooner Saturday night drunk, and shortly afterward got up and walked in to the bay. A coroner's jury was impaneled and returned a verdict of accidental drowning. Wilder lived at Oswego."

[We think the above refers to Alvin Wilder, as Colby has been dead some time. Formerly he and his parents resided in this village.—ED. IND.]

## PARISH.

Last Friday evening there was a festival at the church. Oration, recitations, dialogues and singing were the order of the evening. M. C. Richards conducted the entertainment. Mr. R. appears to be well adapted to please an audience.

The Progressive Club at the hall progresses. Miss Ripier, an attorney-at-law of Michigan, is to speak at the church on Thursday evening of this week. She comes by invitation of the club.

Some parties from Oswego had a spiritual seance at Slawson's Hall last evening. The seance was not so convincing as some expected. Forms of faces and hands were seen.

Parish, July 2, 1877.

—On Sunday last, we visited the North Volney Sunday-school. A goodly number of scholars were in attendance, and all seemed much interested in the lesson; and the superintendent (Mr. L. N. Holden) and teachers have much reason to be encouraged. Next Sunday afternoon they are to have a concert, consisting of singing, reciting Scripture, and an address by their pastor, Rev. Mr. Cosgrove. The superintendent takes a deep interest in the school, and seems well fitted for his position. On Sunday, the 15th inst., it is proposed to form a temperance and anti-tobacco organization in the school. Such a society, if properly conducted, could not fail of being very beneficial.

An improvement which has just been added to some of the Wagner cars on the New York Central, by way of an experiment, bids fair to add materially to the comfort of the traveling public, particularly in the summer. It is a strip of brass three inches wide, attached to the outside of the car, immediately in front of the window, to prevent the admission of cinders, etc. It is outside edge is bent to the front, and thus the cinders are not only stopped, but carried above or below the open window, and experience proves it to be most effective as a spark arrester.

## Here and There.

—Dr. Charles F. Wright is home on a visit to his parents.

—Lillah Howard is home from the Oswego Normal for the summer vacation.

—We are glad to learn that Mrs. Van Duzee, who has been quite ill, is much better.

—H. C. Beads and C. C. Stowell of this village, have gone to the North Woods on a pleasure trip.

—David Mains, son of D. W. P. Mains of this town, is home from his studies at Syracuse University.

—A balcony has been added to the front of Mexico hotel. It was put up by Homer Ames.

—Eddie Rider, Ed. Shumway, Mac Morse, George Cole and Willie Pruyn, are camping out for a week at Mexico Point.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Norton have "moved"—but where to find what for? are questions asked by a good many people.

—Grand Master Couch, F. and A. M. has appointed L. H. Conklin of this village, District Deputy Grand Master for this district.

—At a meeting of the Hamilton alumni last week, Hon. D. W. C. Peck, A. M., of this village, was elected one of the executive committee.

—We are happy to learn that Mrs. S. H. Stone is improving, and is in a fair way to recover from the injuries sustained by her fall.

—Mr. L. D. Loomis, of Texas, has a horse that is 34 years old, which is still in active service, and not likely to be on the "retired list" for some time.

—Miss Jennie Calkins (sister of Mrs. L. L. Virgil of this village) returned home last week from Oberlin college, Ohio, where she has been attending school.

—Being desirous that our employees should celebrate the Fourth, we give less reading matter than usual this week, and because of which, we are sure our readers will not complain.

—Mr. James M. Brown is building a new house just south of his residence on Church St. It is being erected under the supervision of Mr. S. R. Orvis, assisted by H. J. Allen.

—Mrs. Lockwood (wife of the eminent broker of New York) is spending a few days from the heat of the city, at the charming country residence of her friend, Mrs. Sidney Shepherd, of New Haven.

—Copies of the sermon giving the history of the "Pratham" Church, by Rev. A. Parke Burgess, can be obtained of Becker Bros., of Stone, Robinson & Co., or of Mr. Burgess. Single copies, 15 cents; in quantities, 10 cents.

—The Oswego County Teachers' Institute will be held at Fulton, beginning Sept. 3d, and will continue two weeks. It will be conducted by Dr. F. S. Jewell, assisted by Miss Minnie Sherwood. A general attendance of teachers is desired.

—Among those who successfully passed the examinations for admission to Hamilton College last week, was Nicholas Knight of this village. We understand that Fred E. French has also successfully passed entrance examinations at Amherst College.

—At Hamilton College commencement last week, the degree of L. L. B. in course was conferred on Henry Alfred Balcum, Ph. D. A. M., and Robert Peckham Fitch of Oswego. The degree of A. M. by diploma was conferred on Charles E. Havens, of this village.

—Mr. Fred. Ingersoll is in town to-day. He has settled or secured all the obligations which he left in Oswego county when he went to St. Catherine. His conduct has been extremely honorable and conscientious in this respect.—*Osw. Palladium, Saturday.*

—The Ogdensburg Journal says: "The grasshoppers are doing extensive damage to crops in portions of the towns of Hopkinton, Pictou, Gouverneur, Parishville, Pierpont and Macomb. On the sandy lands they are particularly destructive, eating whole fields of grain."

—Our foreman, Mr. John Berry, is putting on airs, nowadays. It seems that last Sunday, he, and his family of five small but voracious little berries, dined on new potatoes (two in number), green peas, radishes, &c. When you meet him be sure and get off the side-walk.

—Last Friday night the crew of the Life saving Station at Mexico Point went to Sandy Creek in their boat, to visit the crew stationed at that place. They intended to return the next day, but owing to the storm of Saturday night, they were obliged to wait over till Monday. Fears were entertained at the Point as to their safety, but they returned Tuesday morning all right.

—Considerable excitement was created Monday afternoon on our streets by the appearance of a young man named John Schilling, of West Monroe, who was found to be insane. His father was taking him to the County Asylum, but it was found necessary to handcuff the boy before he could be taken farther. He is 17 years old, and has been violently insane since last week Tuesday. His insanity is said to be hereditary.

—Bro. McGahan, the other day, while being absorbed in celestial things, or some other matters, came near starting off with another man's horse. But, fortunately, while untying the animal, he came back to himself, and discovered his mistake—that the steed he was unloosing was considerably bigger, if not handsomer, than his own. It is said he went away smiling, and at the same time muttering, "I hope the reporter isn't around."

GREENFIELD CASE.—On an application from District Attorney Lamoree, of Oswego County, and counsel for Orlando Greenfield, of Orwell, the condemned wife murderer, to settle the bill of exceptions in that case, Judge Merwin, of this city, decided that the settlement of the bill had better be postponed till after the motion for a new trial to be made at Pulaski, July 18, and it was so postponed.

Rev. Wm. A. Smith, of Morrisville, N. Y., who was expected to supply the Presbyterian pulpit last Sunday, failed to make railroad connections at some point, and telegraphed about noon his inability to reach here. The committee on supplies at once telegraphed to Syracuse and succeeded in getting Rev. Geo. A. Miller, who preached acceptably, morning and evening.

Rev. George Harkness, of Kingboro, N. Y., is expected to reach Mexico this (Thursday) evening, and preach in the Presbyterian church next Sunday, morning and evening.

The Presbyterians will hold their prayer meeting on Friday evening, instead of Thursday, this week.

Charley Whitney's house near Muller Hill, this town, was struck by lightning Tuesday night about six o'clock. No one was in the house at the time, and not much damage was done.

John Burrows is home here. He is awaiting orders from the navy department, and we understand expects to spend the remaining three years of his term of active service on the high seas.

MORTGAGE SALE.—Whereas default has been made in the payment of the money secured by a mortgage dated the 16th day of April, A. D. 1873, executed by Julia L. Quigg, of the city and county of Oswego, and State of New York, and James L. Quigg, her husband, to Wm. H. Fitch, of the same place; and which mortgage was recorded in the Clerk's Office of Oswego county, on the 16th day of April, 1873, at 5 o'clock P. M., in Book 98 of Mortgages at page 336. And the said mortgage was duly assigned by Wm. H. Fitch to Ellen J. Joyce; and which assignment was duly recorded in the said office of the Clerk of Oswego county, on the 27th day of March, 1874, in Book 101 of Mortgages at page 234; and the same is now owned by him. And whereas the amount due upon said mortgage and unpaid thereon is the sum of seven hundred ninety-six 50-100 dollars, of which \$79 is principal.

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage, and duly recorded as aforesaid, and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises therein described at public auction, at the office of C. Whitney, Oswego, N. Y., at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, on the 30th day of June, 1877, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day. The said premises are described as follows: A lot of land, situate in the town of Volney, county of Oswego, and State of New York, in a tract of land granted by the State of New York to John Taylor, on the 18th day of May, 1807, 792 on the easterly side of the Oswego River, and being the west half of the following described parcel: Beginning at the S. E. corner of the said tract, thence running west 27 chs., 50 lks. to intersect the River Road; thence N. 10 chs., 91 lks.; thence E. 27 chs., 50 lks., to the East line of said tract; thence S. 10 chs., 91 lks., to the beginning, containing 30 acres and 60 cents of land, more or less. Also, a lot of land, situate in the town of Volney, county of Oswego, and State of New York, in a tract of land granted by the State of New York to John Taylor, on the 18th day of May, 1807, 792 on the easterly side of the Oswego River, and being the west half of the following described parcel: Beginning at the S. E. corner of the said tract, thence running west 27 chs., 50 lks. to intersect the River Road; thence N. 10 chs., 91 lks.; thence E. 27 chs., 50 lks., to the East line of said tract; thence S. 10 chs., 91 lks., to the beginning, containing 30 acres and 60 cents of land, more or less.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an order of the Supreme Court duly granted in the above entitled section, and which was duly entered in the Oswego County Clerk's office, on the 23d day of April, 1877, I, the undersigned referee, appointed for that purpose, shall on the 30th day of June, 1877, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at public auction to the highest bidder at the law office of Maurice L. Wright, in the village of Mexico, in Oswego County, on the 9th day of June, 1877, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, the lands and premises described as follows, viz: On the north and west by the north and west bounds of said lot 87, and on the east by the center of the public highway, running from Mexico village to Colosse, and on the south by a line running parallel with the north line of said lot 87, and extending far enough to the south so as to include between it and the north line of said lot seventy-three (73) acres of land. Also all that certain other piece or parcel of land being part of said lot eighty-seven (87), and bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at a stake in the west line of said lot eighty-seven (87), bearing north 20 degrees east (N. 20° E.), fourteen (14) links from a hemlock marked, then south eighty-seven degrees and thirty minutes east along the south bounds of the above described 73 acres of land, eleven chains and twenty links to a stake, thence north 3° west 6 chs., and 25 lks. to a stake, thence N. 87° 30' W. 11 chs., and 20 lks. to a stake in the East line of said lot 87, thence S. 7° west 10 chs., and 25 lks. to the place of beginning, containing seven acres of land.

Also all that certain other piece or parcel of land situate in the town of Mexico, county of Oswego, and State of New York, being part of lot eighty-seven (87) of the twentieth (20th) township of Scriba's patent aforesaid, and bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the N. E. corner of said lot 87, thence running S. 2° 49' W. 75 lks. (S. 2° 49' W. 75 lks.) to a stake, thence N. 88° W. 7 chs., and 1 lks. (N. 88° W. 7.04) to a stake, thence N. 2° 49' E. 75 lks. (N. 2° 49' E. 75 lks.) to the north line of said lot 87, thence S. 88° E. 1 ch. along the north line of said lot 87 7 chs., and 4 lks. (S. 88° E. 7.04) to the place of beginning, containing 628-1000 of an acre of land, more or less, together with the right to use the water that now flows upon or across the westerly portion of the last above described land, and all overrights and privileges connected therewith, as conveyed to said Bowen by deed from Simon Tullar and wife, A. A. M. 17, 1833, and recorded in the Oswego County Clerk's office, in Book 65 of deeds at page 269. Subject, however, to the obligation to build and forever maintain a good and sufficient fence on the southerly side of said lot, which said lot, which said lot, which said lot, hereby agreed to do and perform in manner and form as agreed by said Bowen in said deed to him from said Tullar, and from which agreement said Bowen, said parties of the second part hereby agreed to indemnify and save said Bowen harmless, and this covenant, by said parties of the second part, is part of the consideration for this conveyance, and is hereby made a charge and lien upon the lands hereby conveyed for the performance thereof. With the appearances and hereditaments thereunto appertaining.

Said premises are an improved farm situated about one mile south of the village of Mexico. The soil is fertile, and well watered. There are a good frame house and barn, and out buildings on said premises. Also a good wood lot.

Dated April 23, 1877.

N. B. SMITH, Referee.

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